

Virgil

Casanova

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha
Ha
Thanks, Ugly God

Off-White shirt, but the shoes don't match
Do what I want, so I can't get attached
The both of my pockets got rickity racks
Yeah, she let me beat from the back, yeah
She know I'm the shit, that's facts
Niggas act dumb, let me pull up where they at
Bet he gon' run when I ratatat tat
If I don't got a gun, bet a nigga get slapped (No cap)
(Bah, woo, yeah, come here, woo, woo, yeah, gang, gang, gang, gang)
I'm gon' need them bands when I come through (When I come through)
Yeah, I'm gon' do my dance, now how 'bout you? (Now how 'bout you?)
Yeah, and I don't need no new friends, I need them blues
Got too many opps, don't know what to choose
(Gang, gang, gang, gang)

I got a gun on my waist, security, niggas is [?]
I heard an opp in the place, so bodies is dropping today (I know he in here)
I see the look on your face, you niggas is feelin' a way
I got some blood on my J's when I shot that boy in the face
Stupid ass nigga, these Off-Whites
Tryna reach for my chain? Nigga, you playin'
You don't even care about your own life (Nah)
Slide to the left, slide to the right
My niggas spin it like all night
Got more shooters than Fortnite
You don't even know what it feel like
You don't even know what it drill like (Ahaha)

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Yeah, I'm gon' do my dance, now how 'bout you? (Now how 'bout you?)
Yeah, and I don't need no new friends, I need them blues (What the fuck?)
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(Gang, gang, gang, gang)

(BHZ, BHZ, BHZ, BHZ)
F-u-c-k-e-d, E-U-C-E
(BHZ, BHZ, BHZ, BHZ)
I'm the king of crunk, and I put it on a G
(BHZ, BHZ, BHZ, BHZ)
And don't bring that bullshit down south
And get your ass Memphis stomped
(BHZ, BHZ, BHZ, BHZ)

It's lookin' like I got junkers, all my pockets got the lumps
(BHZ, BHZ, BHZ, BHZ)
Don't let them rappers gas you up and get you hit by my lil' pump
[?] rockin' all black, but don't ever confuse us as punk
Faggot, bitch, I'm fresh to death, I should sleep up in a casket
Let this niggas have it, I'm a savage

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